

| Train                    | Time       |
|--------------------------|------------|
| No. 2, Mail and Express  | 9:55 a. m. |
| No. 4, Express           | 1:52 p. m. |
| No. 8, St. Louis Express | 1:52 p. m. |
| No. 22, Local Freight    | 5:58 p. m. |
| No. 32, Freight          | 5:58 p. m. |

# CHARITON COURIER.

VOLUME XV.

KEYTESVILLE MO.. FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1886.

NUMBER 6.

**J.D. BUTLER**  
THE  
★  
**GROCER**

Keeps constantly on hand a large  
and fresh supply of

**Family Groceries**  
**GLASS and QUEENSWARE,**  
**Tinware, Tobacco Cigars,**  
**CELEBRATED GLASGOW FLOUR.**

**CANNED GOODS,**  
**GROCERS' MOTIONS,**  
**CUTLERY, Etc., Etc.**  
**All Kinds of**  
**COUNTRY PRODUCE**  
Taken in  
**EXCHANGE FOR GOODS**  
—AT—  
**HIGHEST PRICE!**

**I WILL POSITIVELY**  
**Not be Undersold**  
**By any House in**  
**CHARITON COUNTY!**  
**J. D. BUTLER,**  
**THE ★ GROCER,**  
**Keytesville, - - Mo.**

**ANDERSON & WALTER,**  
**Westville, Missouri.**

**Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes**

**GROCERIES, HARNES, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE, ETC.**

Our Stock is Large and Fresh and will be Sold at Lowest Living Prices.

**Call and see Our Goods.**

Over 6,000 Acres of Chariton county Lands for Sale.

**Jas. F. Johnson,**

**Real Estate Dealer, Insurance Agent.**

**NOTARY PUBLIC.**

**Keytesville, - - Missouri.**

**Palms, City Property and Unimproved Lands for Sale.**

Property of Non Residents Carefully Looked after. Repairs Made

Rents Collected, at reasonable Rates.

**Office With Chariton Courier.**

**WHEELER HOUSE,**

**KEYTESVILLE, - - MISSOURI.**

**D. N. WHEELER, PROPRIETOR.**

Best Sample Rooms in the City. Centrally Located. Headquarters for

Traveling men. Everything New and First-Class.

**Hotel Bus Line and Livery Stable.**

**TERMS REASONABLE**

**THE GREAT RACE HORSE,**

**BILL BASS!**

Will make the present season at the D. C. GARTH farm one mile east

of Montecello, and three miles northeast of Glasgow, in Howard Co., Mo

## Communicated

To the children of the Walker School:

Our lessons and tasks are now ended.

And the school for the term is dismissed.

And the boys and the girls gather round

To bid me good bye and be blessed.

Children, that here have assembled,

To learn of the facts of life,

Your smiles have brightened my pathway.

And now when we part I'll sit dreaming

Of the days of Walker that are past:

Of the children my heart will remember,

When it wakes to the thoughts that are

Ever the word and its wickedness made me

A partner of sorrow and sin.

When the glory of God was about me

And the glory of gladness within.

And my heart grows weak as a woman's.

And the fountain of feeling will flow

When I think of the paths steep and stony.

Where the feet of these children must go,

And the mountain of sin hanging o'er

Of the tempests of fate blowing wild,

Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy

As the innocent heart of a child.

The twig is so easily broken

I have banished the rule and the rod

I have taught you the goodness of knowl-

edge

You have taught me the goodness of God.

My heart was a dungeon of darkness

When I chastened you for breaking a rule;

My frown is sufficient correction—

Love and kindness be the laws of my school.

I leave this old school house for the present,

Maybe, to traverse its threshold no more,

I shall miss the ones I left here

That greeted me each morn at the door.

I shall miss the good night and morning

And the gust of your innocent gleam

And the groups on the old play ground

That were called each morning by me.

I shall miss you at morn and at eve,

I shall miss you no more in your secret;

I shall miss the low hum of your voices

And the tramp of your noisy feet.

When lessons and tasks are ended

And death says school is dismissed,

May the children of Walker gather 'round

me,

To bid me good bye while I rest.

(Written by request.)

C. A. CLARKSON, ex-Teacher.

Term of 1885-6.

**INFLUENCE.**

We scatter seeds with careless hand,

And dream we never shall see them more;

But for a thousand years

Their fruit appears.

In weeds that mar the land.

Or fruitful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,

Into still air they seem to fleet;

We count them never past;

But they shall last—

In the dread judgment—

And we shall meet.

—REV. JOHN KEBLE.

**FELIX.**

"Felix, my boy, can you carry this book

over to Mr. Gay's for me?"

"Course I can, grandfather."

"I wish you would do it at once then. I

overlooked it and have kept it longer than I

intended. Wait though until I wrap it

up. It is handsome binding, you see, and

I should be very sorry if it were to receive

any injury."

Felix took the book and went out, his

grandfather thinking it not necessary to

give him any further caution.

But, two hours later the old gentleman

heard from his occasional afternoon walk.

As he strolled along a pleasant shaded

path he observed a little group of boys

stooping over something on the ground,

and going near saw that they were intently

interested in the motions of two beetles.

"See them tug!" said one.

"What do they do for, anyway?" asked

another.

"Why, they use that ball of earth to lay

their eggs in."

"I don't believe it," said Felix.

"It's so, for my father told me," said the

other.

"Yes, it's so," said grandfather with a

smile touching Felix's cheek with the end

of his cane.

The boys sprang up in surprise at see-

ing him ending over them.

"Why, grandfather, is that you?" asked

Felix.

"Yes. Did you see Mr. Gay?"

"Well—not yet sir. I—just wanted a

few minutes to run a race with the boys,

and then we saw these beetles—and—"

"But where is the book?"

"Oh, that's all safe, sir. I hid it right

behind this tree."

He ran toward it and his grandfather,

following him, saw Rover, his little dog,

very busy at something.

"Get out of the way, Rover," cried Felix.

Here he fell in blank dismay as he raised

the book. The dog had torn off the

wrapping and had then gnawed off a corner

of the costly volume, of course entirely

ruining its appearance.

"What a mean, mischievous dog!" ex-

claimed Felix, ready to cry with regret

and confusion.

"What a careless, unreliable boy! We

might perhaps say," said grandfather.

"How could you say so negligent, Felix,

when I trusted you with it and told you to

be careful?"

"I'm sorry—" faltered Felix.

"For your sorrow will never help the

matter, you see. Nothing which you can

do will help it. All the loss must fall on

others."

Grandfather took a newspaper from his